

Can't Say Good-bye (5/??) City Hunter/La Femme Nikita Crossover
by HybridC

Category: X-overs
Genre: Drama
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-02-01 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-02-01 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:52:03
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,201
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Ryo looks back his life and thinks about Kaori. What is she to him? Just a partner?

Can't Say Good-bye (5/??) City Hunter/La Femme Nikita
Crossover

Can't Say Good-bye (5/??) by HybridC

(City Hunter/La Femme Nikita Crossover)

As the plane took off from the ground, Ryo bit down a sedative concealed in a hollowed secret tooth compartment. Both of his hands were holding down the armrest so hard and showing white knuckles in order to fight against his instinctive lifelong fear for flying. As slowly the drug took its effects, his hands began to relax, his tongue getting heavy, and his vision blurry. He saw Kaori's face as he started to slip into the artificial oblivion. Why does she look sad? His question echoed into the spreading darkness. He didn't like how she looked, then thick dark mist swallowed up him.

The flight from Japan to Chicago had no trouble. After safely the plane touched down the destination, Ryo took a temporary refuge in the dark corner of bar at Chicago International Airport to wait remaining effects of sedative to wear off. His mind was on one thing, to find Kaori. Mysterious pictures clearly pointed out she was alive by some unknown reasons. But, why didn't she contact him, letting him think she was dead for last three years? He didn't like a bit about the mystery he must face. Whoever left pictures in his motel room wasn't definitely a good Samaritan, doing some deeds for unfortunates. He or she must have a good agenda to let him know about Kaori. If her death was a fake, who did it? Why did they do? They even got a body to bury in her funeral. Whatever it is, it must be something big and sinister. He could smell its stench from miles away.

Leaning back, Ryo absently looked at countless passing travelers at

terminal. Armed with laptop computers, cellular phones, and beepers, maybe on business trips, a line of men in suits quickly stride away. A group of college students on vacation, dressed in preppy outdoor attires, goofing around like kindergartners, shouting something to each other. A busy sound of clicking high heels, tired ladies in blue. Children being drugged away by parents, their protests ignored in air. A sound of bustling airport drifted away and surrounded Ryo, but he felt like he was standing behind the glass window, so close and so far. There was something invisible separating him from these ordinary people. His eyes trailed each passing face. He wondered about each of them, they must have a home, family, sweetheart, sisters, brothers, lost love, friends, dreams, children, parents, grandparents, pets....

It was not only his job in the underworld make him feel such deep isolation but also himself not knowing the normal world of unconditional love. Growing up among Central America guerrilla and learning to be one of best killers and fighters didn't give a child a chance to experience security and love. Don't let anyone have your heart. You were all you got. Survival was the name of game he played in his non-existed childhood. Obviously, it was a kind of hard to depend on someone physically or emotionally when people around you turned up dead frequently, and deception and betrayal were air he breathed. After all, his life in America didn't change anything much. Surely, the whole trimming was much nicer and cleaner, but the bottom line stayed as the same, kill them before they get you. Women were beautiful, drinks were superb, and with a right price money could buy anything, legal or illegal. What could a man ask more? Indeed. Even though how much he lost himself in arms of willing noisy women, expensive booze, and exciting variety of drugs, he couldn't stop his burning emotion pouring out from his heart, the pure blind hunger for something he couldn't name it. He didn't realize it was the love he was seeking desperately. Not lust, carnal urge, or some cheap sweet seductive words to get a lay, but absolute, unconditional love like a mother's goodnight kiss for a child in bed, or lovers' silent communication through their holding hands. A love, it's fragile, but also it's the product of unfaltering trust and faith. The tragic death of his partner, Hideyuki Makimura, brought his sister, Kaori, into his barren world of killing. At first, he thought his guilt for his partner's death was only reason why he was putting up to that loud mouth tomboy. Somehow as the time passed, she changed from being a ward to a partner, then from a partner to a roommate, a little by little, their distance shortened, and it scared him. It did because Kaori was not only one who had changed but also it changed him too.

One day, late afternoon Ryo woke up from his usual naps, came down to the living room, and found himself home alone. No clients and no case to work on, Kaori must be in Cat's Eye, complaining about him to Miki, he thought. Couldn't find anything edible in the fridge, he sat on the couch, killing time by watching orange sun going down over the busy city's horizon, he found himself waiting and hoping Kaori to come back home soon. This finding scared hell out of him because he never felt such strong need for someone in his life. But, there was always the first time for everything. Kaori was his missing piece of puzzles to complete him. Through her, he could feel and see beauty and goodness in unjust dark world of his, where everything and everyone in gray. Without realizing, Kaori was having such influence upon Ryo, her straight forward personality with simple honesty and trust for her partner made possible him to feel the compassion he

hungered for last thirty years. He didn't have to wander any longer because she was the answer for his long seeking quest.

Absently his hand went to a silver medallion of St. Christopher around his neck, aimlessly his fingers fiddling it. St. Christopher, a patron saint of traveler. It was a gift from Father Mario, a priest who ran a orphanage at the edge of remote jungle of Brazil when he left to America in his teen. Since the burning airplane dropped a little three-years-old boy into the jungle of South America, he had been a wanderer, always being pushed by unstoppable force of destiny and impossible choices, and he did what he had to survive time after time. But, now he knew in his heart that his whole journey was for Kaori. He will find her again no matter what, and this time he will tell her truth in his heart. He couldn't lose her again without good fights. He swore it to himself silently.

"You are blocking my view." Ryo absently complained to a Caucasian man suddenly appeared besides his table.

The man's blond hair reflected the room light and created a brief halo. His eyes hidden behind cool black shade, and it made his intention more unclear.

"Is that anyway to greet your friend?" The man pulled his shade a little down, showed a pair of blue eyes, laughing mischievously.

End
file.